A POWER COMIC

IT'S THE MAG WITH THE INCREDIBLE HULK!

SMASH!

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BATMAN

With ROBIN The Boy Wonder

WE DREW A BLANK! SO -- WHAT NOW?

WE'RE GOING TO TRAP THE LADY, CHUM!

WHO IS BATGIRL? THAT IS WHAT THE DYNAMIC DUO ARE SEARCHING GOTHAM CITY TO FIND OUT!

THE BATMOBILE APPROACHES THE SECRET ENTRANCE TO THE BATCAVE!

THE BATMOBILE? ENTERING A HILL? YOU'VE BEEN EATING TOO MANY HOT DOGS, SCOUT SMITH!

BUT I SAW IT!

PLEASE REMEMBER, SCOUT SMITH --"A SCOUT IS TRUSTWORTHY!"

NOBODY EVER BELIEVES A LITTLE KID!

DO YOU THINK THOSE CUB SCOUTS SAW US ENTERING THE TUNNEL?

IT DOESN'T MATTER --NOBODY EVER BELIEVES A LITTLE KID!

BOB KANE

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MOMENTS LATER, THE STRANGE VEHICLE COMES TO A STOP JUST BENEATH STRANGE ROCK MAZE

BUT IF WE'RE TRYING TO FIND BATGIRL, WHY DID WE COME BACK TO THE BATCAVE?

FOR THAT VERY PURPOSE, ROBIN!

YOU MEAN SHE'S HERE?!?

NO--BUT THIS IS WHERE THE TRAIL BEGINS!

THE TRAIL LEADS ON OVER THE PAGE —

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ALFRED, PLEASE FETCH DISGUISES XIS AND XISA!

AT ONCE, MR. WAYNE!

OUR BANK ROBBER DISGUISES?

EXACTLY, DICK! IF BATGIRL LIKES TO GET INVOLVED IN BANK ROBBERIES, WE'LL JOIN HER!

--AND WE'LL CAPTURE HER!

SHALL I NOW PRODUCE THE ALTERNATIVE CONVEYANCE, SIR?

PRAY DO, ALFRED!

AT THE TOUCH OF A BUTTON, THE BAT TURNTABLE RISES ON HYDRAULIC BATLIFTS!

SSSS!

IT WOULD SCARCELY DO TO DRIVE THE BATMOBILE WHILST YOU WEAR YOUR BANK ROBBER DISGUISES, MASTER DICK!

SCARCELY, ALFRED!

SHALL I CALL COMMISSIONER GORDON AND TELL HIM OUR PLANS, BRUCE?

NOT THIS TIME, DICK! I HAVE A HUNCH THERE MAY BE A LEAK IN HIGH PLACES!

HOLY BENEDICT ARNOLD! YOU THINK BATGIRL HAS A SPY ON THE POLICE FORCE??

CERTAINLY NOT A KNOWING CONFEDERATE, DICK--

--BUT SHE HAS AN UNCANNY WAY OF SHOWING UP WHEN A CRIME IS IN PROGRESS!

BOB KANE

MAYBE SHE HAS ACCESS TO THE POLICE BURGLAR ALARM SYSTEM!

THAT'S WHY WE'RE DOING THE BANK ROBBER ACT, CHUM!

WHICH BANK ARE WE GOING TO "ROB," BRUCE?

THE BEST, CHUM--THE GOTHAM CITY TRUST!

AT THE SAME MOMENT, IN A MIDTOWN HOME...

I'M FEELING RESTLESS, DADDY. MAY I TAKE YOUR CAR FOR A DRIVE?

OF COURSE, DEAR, BUT BE CAREFUL--IT'S LATE.

NEXT ISH: DANGER STALKS THE STREETS!

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BAD PENNY

ONE PENNY 1967

THAT PENNY— SHE'S A LITTLE MONKEY!

SHE CERTAINLY IS!

LITTLE MONKEY, AM I?

WELL, IF THEY THINK I'M ONE— I MIGHT AS WELL BE ONE, EH, READERS?

AND SO...

THEY'RE WELCOME TO THESE BANANAS 'COS THEY'RE ALL BAD!

BLAT!

SPLAT!

OOH!

MINUTES LATER...

THOSE BOYS ARE BOUND TO GIVE ME SOME SWEETS WHEN THEY SEE THE NOTICE! CHUCKLE!

MOUTH WATERING

PLEASE FEED THIS ANIMAL

PUMF!

MONKEYS EAT NUTS -NOT SWEETS! SO IT'S JUST TOO BAD!

YEAH! TOO BAD FOR THE MONKEY, EH, TOMMY?

GRR! I'LL SHOW YOU! GREEDY MISERS!

OOH! THAT MONKEY'S REAL MAD AT US NOW!

SERVES YOU BOTH RIGHT!

SPLASH!

WHACK!

COO! ALL OUR SWEETS ARE RUINED!

AND IT'S ALL THAT MONKEY'S FAULT!

GRR! IT'S ONLY PENNY— IN A MONKEY SUIT!

GRR! LET'S PULVERISE HER!

YEAH!

TWO TO ONE'S NOT FAIR— I'M OFF!

HEH! HEH! LUCKY I'M PRETTY GOOD WHEN IT COMES TO HIGH-JUMPING!

HUH! YOU CAN'T FOOL ME! YOU'RE NOT REAL— YOU'RE JUST WEARING A MONKEY SUIT!

TAKE THAT— GULP! IT IS A REAL MONKEY— AND HERE COMES IT'S MUM!

GOINNK!

OINNK!

KICK!

TEE! HEE! LOOKS LIKE WE MADE A REAL MONKEY OUT OF PENNY!

MONKEY ENCLOSURE

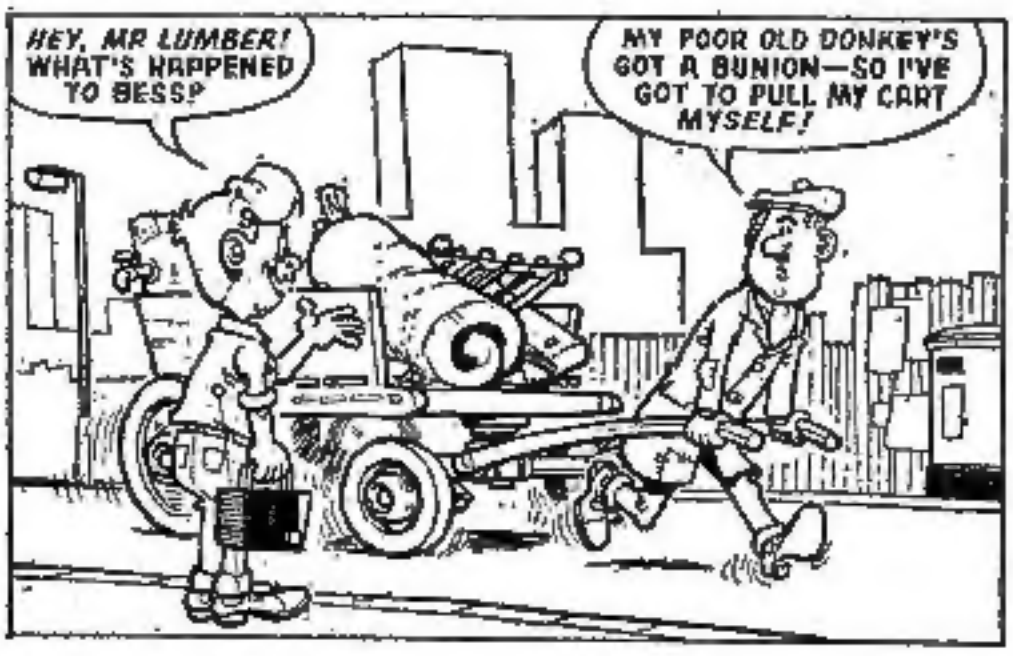
GLOOP!

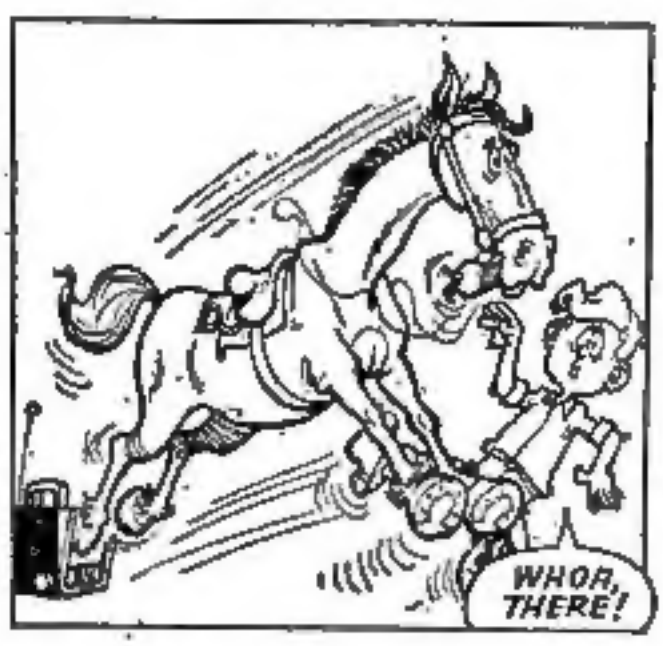
WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!

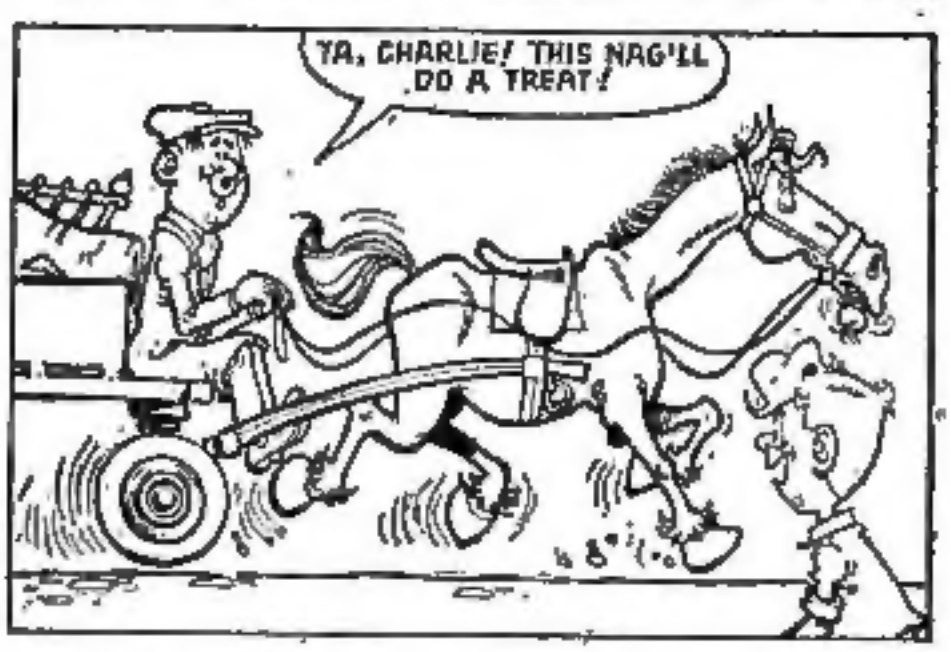
WAAH! HOW COULD I KNOW I'D LAND IN THE ZOO!

Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...







SECONDS LATER...
FETE
OH, DEAR, IT LOOKS AS IF WE'VE BEEN LET DOWN! HE HASN'T SHOWN UP— AND NOW WE HAVEN'T A FAMOUS PERSONALITY TO OPEN OUR FETE!

OH, NO! I'M HEADING STRAIGHT FOR HIM!

LOOK OUT, YOU! CLOT!

HO! HO! LESTER'S GOT THE BOOT!

PRIZE BULLS

WAA-AGH!

RIDE HIM, LESTER!

HELP! I CAN'T FLY!

DONG!

KLUNK!

CONGRATULATIONS! YOU'VE WON A PRIZE!

HERE, YOU'D BETTER LOOK AFTER IT FOR HIM— UNTIL HE COMES ROUND!

JUST WATCH THIS, READERS!

HEH! HEH! STAMPEDE'S AWAY!

BAH! WHERE'S HE GOT TO?

HELP! I'VE BEEN TAKEN FOR A RIDE!

WELL TIMED, CHARLIE! THE HALF HOUR IS UP—LESTER'S SHRINKING BACK TO TELLY SIZE!

AND JUST LOOK, VIEWERS! LESTER PIGGOTT UP ON A TOY HORSE, IS FIRST PAST THE POST!

TEE-HEE! WELL, HE CAN'T COMPLAIN AFTER ALL—HE'S WON!

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE
LONDON W.C.2.

YOU ASKED FOR IT! So here's the first of our series of cogent comments on aspects of comic-magazine publishing! The subject? The boy who starts the whole story-ball rolling! The SCRIPTWRITER!

Having consulted with his editor as to what type of story is needed, the ball then falls into the scriptwriter's court! For it is he who must dream up the story and characters . . . and doesn't that sound easy, put down like that? Next he must break up his story, without loss of impact or clarity, into pictures! Then, as well as write captions and dialogue HE MUST INSTRUCT THE ARTIST ON WHAT GOES INTO EACH PICTURE! To do this he must be something of an artist himself, and it is the writer/artist combination that makes a good scriptwriter a very rare and precious bird indeed, and sets him well apart from other scribes!

A scriptwriter must possess a quick-thinking and imaginative mind, for he could be asked to think-up two, three or even more story plots A DAY! As well as write them!! And under the shadow of a merciless 'deadline.'

This, then, is our boy! A hardworking word-slinger with a talent for clear story-telling and a fine ear for phrase and dialogue. An instant plot-maker and artist-on-a-typewriter! But above all he is someone who ENJOYS his job!

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE

Philip Barrowcliffe, Mansfield, Notts.; John Elliott, Penrith; Kenneth Morris, Sheffield, Yorks.; Jonathan Kay, Evesham, Worcs.; Brian McCann, Lurgan, Co. Armagh; Stephen Dunn, Melbourne, Australia; P. Toseland, Kettering, Northants.; T. Visnic, Huddersfield, Yorks.; Robert Fowler, Leigh, Lancs.; Sir John Emery, Biggleswade, Beds.; Colin McGowan, Glasgow; Paul Maitland, Hull; Sergio Antoniwez, Perth, Scotland; Terry Plimmer, London; M. Fiella, Kidderminster, Worcs.; Barry Phillips, Newcastle-upon-Tyne; John Miller, Godalming, Surrey; Robert Mexem, St. Albans, Herts.; K. White, Sutton-on-Hull, Yorks.; P. Major, Barnsley, Yorks.

Whether he's writing a super-hero tale, a war, western, sport or humour story, he must know what he is writing about and have FUN doing it! Because that sense of fun, that enjoyment, is always reflected in his stories. Which usually means that you, as a reader, will enjoy what he writes! And that is the most important thing of all.

So that just about wraps up lesson one! Still want to be a script-scribe? Next subject (aimed at all you frantic ones who fancy your chances, career-wise, with brush and pencil) will be the picture story ARTIST! Till then . . . class dismiss!

WHOOOOOPS! We're in trouble again! And, honest, we just thought we were helping folks out! 'Member we informed keen COLLECTORS of Power Papers that if they were missing any issues of their favourite lively literature, all they need do was to write to our Back Numbers Department, Odhams Press Ltd., 8-9 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Well, we kind of forgot, that, cruel work that this is, there's not so much going around for free!! Here's what these rare items cost:

POW, SMASH, WHAM . . . 7d. plus 3d. postage (1 copy) 5d. postage (2 copies). FANTASTIC, TERRIFIC . . . 9d. plus 5d. postage (1 copy) 6d. postage (2 copies). (For each copy over two in number add 1d. to postage.)

(And cheap they would be at ten times the price, right? Right!)

INCHMAN

Prevents pile-ups, calls out Dinky Police Accident Unit

Heading homeward from a fast escort assignment in his Dinky Aston Martin D B 6, Inchman hits gale-force cross-winds on a long stretch of open road ...

HERE'S WHERE ROAD BRAKES RAN OFF. I HOPE THE DRIVER'S O.K.
AFTER A FIRST SEND INCHMAN SEES A FURNITURE VAN IN TROUBLE. IT SWAYS WILDLY, THEN FALLS ON ITS BACK ... BLOCKING BOTH LEFT HAND LANES. HE BRAKES HARD.
THE DRIVER NEEDS HELP. HIS RIGHT LEG AND RIGHT ARM ARE BADLY HURT. INCHMAN LEAPS BACK INTO HIS DINKY D.B.6. TURNS, DRIVES A SHORT DISTANCE AND PARKS WITH HEADLIGHTS FULL ON TO WARN APPROACHING TRAFFIC. HE RUNS TO A NEARBY PHONE AND DIALS 999
HOP IN INCHMAN. WAITING FOR YOUR CALL. THAT VAN COULD HAVE CAUSED TONS OF TROUBLE.
AS SOON AS INCHMAN HAS GIVEN THE POLICE FULL DETAILS THE ACCIDENT UNIT SPEEDS TO ASSIST HIM.
THE NEW DINKY POLICE ACCIDENT UNIT IS AN AUTHENTIC COPPERS, HAS JEWELLED HEADLIGHTS, A POLICE DRIVER AND A WORKING SIDE LOADING DOOR.
THE DINKY POLICE ACCIDENT UNIT HAS OPENING REAR DOORS, POLICE MARKINGS BOTH IN BLUE AND WHITE AND FOUR ORANGE-TIPPED WARNING CONES.
THE AMBULANCE AND BREAKDOWN VAN ARE ON THEIR WAY.
WE'LL SHOW HIM THE WRONG WAY!
WE'LL NEED MORE LIGHT WHEN THE BREAKDOWN VAN GETS HERE.
THE ACCIDENT UNIT HAS A ROOF MOUNTED SPOTLIGHT WHICH IS ON A REVOLVING TELESCOPIC STAND.
THE DINKY FOLLOWED BY INCHMAN AND A WRECKED POLICE CAR
THE DINKY POLICE ACCIDENT UNIT HAS A BLUE ROOF SIGN, BLUE LIGHT AND RADIO AERIAL.
HERE IT IS NOW!
THE DINKY ACCIDENT UNIT HAS A SLIDING SIDE DOOR
THE DINKY POLICE ACCIDENT UNIT HAS REAL-LIFE COLOURS AND MARKINGS, JEWELLED HEADLIGHTS, ROOF SIGN AND LIGHT, RADIO AERIAL, SUSPENSION, ROOF SPOTLIGHT, SLIDING DRIVER'S DOOR ... WORKING OPEN SIDE LOADING DOOR, OPENING REAR DOORS, WARNING CONES AND FOLDING WARNING SIGNS
INCHMAN IS FALLING EXPERTLY AS INCHMAN HELPS TO POSITION THE WARNING CONES.
I THINK THAT'S ALL I CAN DO TO HELP... NOW, I THINK I'LL HEAD FOR HOME...
POLICE
ACCIDENT UNIT
POLICE ACCIDENT
JOIN IN THE THRILLS AND EXCITEMENT OF INCHMAN ADVENTURES WITH YOUR OWN ACTION-PACKED DINKY POLICE ACCIDENT UNIT
THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW FROM
DINKY TOYS.

DAREDEVIL "KILLGRAVE, THE UNBELIEVABLE PURPLE MAN!"

MENACED BY THE MYSTERY OF

THE DEADLY POWER OF KILLGRAVE'S SUPER-BRAIN HAS TURNED THE BEAUTIFUL KAREN INTO HIS WILLING ACCOMPLICE. AND NOW THEY HAVE BOTH DISAPPEARED...

WELL, I CAN'T KEEP PROWLING THE ROOFTOPS ALL DAY! I'M JUST WASTING TIME! KILLGRAVE WON THE FIRST ROUND, AND I CAN'T *DENY* IT!

BUT I WON'T REST TILL KAREN'S SAFE! ...AND TILL I'VE FOUND A WAY TO DESTROY HIS UNCANNY POWER!

MINUTES LATER, A HANDSOME UNSEEING MAN ENTERS THE TOP OF AN OFFICE BUILDING STAIRCASE FROM THE ROOF, AFTER LISTENING CAREFULLY TO MAKE SURE NOBODY IS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR TO SEE HIM!

DAREDEVIL CAN DO NO MORE FOR THE PRESENT!

SO IT'S TIME FOR *MATT MURDOCK* TO RETURN TO HIS LAW OFFICE, AND TRY TO FIGURE OUT A WAY TO BRING KILLGRAVE TO HIS KNEES!

THUS, A DEJECTED, SOMBRE MATT MURDOCK ENTERS THE LAW OFFICES OF NELSON AND MURDOCK, DREADING THE EXPLOSIVE MOMENT WHEN HE WILL HAVE TO TELL HIS UNSUSPECTING PARTNER WHAT HAS HAPPENED...

I HEAR HIM IN HIS CHAIR.... FACING ME! HIS HEARTBEAT IS CALM, NORMAL / BUT NOW IT'S SPEEDING UP, AS HE REALIZES THAT *KAREN* IS NOT WITH ME!

HI, MATTHEW, BOY / GLAD YOU GOT BACK IN TIME TO...

SAY! WHERE'S *KAREN*? I TOLD YOU I NEEDED HER TO FINISH SOME DICTATION!

I DON'T QUITE KNOW HOW TO *TELL* YOU THIS, FOGGY... WE HAD SOME *TROUBLE* WITH THE MAN NAMED KILLGRAVE! HE ESCAPED FROM JAIL... AND... HE *TOOK KAREN WITH HIM!*

HE TOOK KAREN WITH HIM?? JUST LIKE *THAT??* HOW CAN YOU SIT THERE SO *CALMLY??* *WHERE* DID HE TAKE HER?! HOW DID IT *HAPPEN??*

HIS PULSE RATE IS FANTASTIC NOW! ONLY A MAN WHO'S WORRIED ABOUT ONE HE *LOVES* COULD REACT THAT WAY!

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group. 1964.

IT WAS *MY* FAULT! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO LET HER VISIT A DANGEROUS CRIMINAL WITH *YOU!* IT WAS TOO *RISKY!*

HE FEELS MY *BLINDNESS* PREVENTED ME FROM AIDING KAREN!

WAIT, HERE! I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO!

HIS REACTION IS UNDERSTANDABLE! I WOULD FEEL THE SAME WAY IN HIS SHOES! HE STILL CAN'T REALIZE HOW IMPOSSIBLE IT IS FOR ANY NORMAL PERSON TO DEFY THE PURPLE MAN!

BUT THERE IS *ONE* WHO IS *NOT* A NORMAL PERSON! ONE WHO CALLS HIMSELF... *DAREDEVIL!*

MEANWHILE, LET US TURN OUR ATTENTION TO A LARGE GYMNASIUM ON THE WEST SIDE OF TOWN, WHERE WE FIND...

HEY, YOU GUYS! HOLD IT! *HOLD IT!* SOMEONE WANTS TO *TALK* TO YA!

NOW STEP ASIDE! I'LL HANDLE THIS!

AS KILLGRAVE SPEAKS, THE HUSKY MUSCLE-MEN IMMEDIATELY FALL UNDER HIS SPELL, EXCEPT FOR ONE KNOWN AS "PUNCHY" WHO IS TOO SLOW-WITTED TO REACT AT NORMAL SPEED...

FROM THIS MOMENT ON, YOU ARE ALL WORKING FOR *ME!* YOU WILL SERVE AS MY *BODYGUARDS*, AND PROTECT ME WITH YOUR LIVES!

YOU'RE *NUTS!* WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

NOBODY CAN TELL *PUNCHY* WHAT TO DO, SEE? I'LL SHOW YOU WHO'S GONNA WORK FOR WHO!!

UNHAND ME! I *LOATHE* PHYSICAL VIOLENCE! *PROTECT ME*, MY BODYGUARDS! REMEMBER, YOUR MASTER MAY NOT BE HARMED!

AND, A SPLIT-SECOND LATER...

LET GO OF KILLGRAVE!

"THE MASTER MAY NOT BE HARMED"

ENOUGH! DO NOT HURT HIM!!

AND NOW, MARCH DOWN THE STAIRS! I HAVE WORK FOR YOU TO DO!!

SNAP!

AND SO, THE PURPLE MAN LEADS HIS SMALL BUT POWERFUL ARMY BRAZENLY THROUGH THE STREET, KNOWING THAT NO ONE WHO GETS CLOSE ENOUGH TO STOP HIM CAN RESIST HIS UNCANNY SPELL...

OUR DESTINATION IS THE RITZ PLAZA HOTEL, MARON!

LATER, THE NEXT IN A SERIES OF INCREDIBLE EVENTS OCCURS! GUARDED BY HIS INTENSELY LOYAL GYMNASTS, THE PURPLE MAN CONFIDENTLY APPROACHES THE STARTLED DESK CLERK AND DEMANDS...

EVICT ALL YOUR TENANTS FROM THE TOP FLOOR! MY STAFF AND I SHALL USE IT AS OUR HEADQUARTERS!

OF COURSE, SIR! I'LL ORDER ALL THE TOP FLOOR TENANTS TO LEAVE WITHIN THE HOUR!

THAT WILL NOT BE SATISFACTORY! I WANT THEM OUT IMMEDIATELY!

CERTAINLY, SIR! I'M SORRY I MISUNDERSTOOD YOU!

AND SO, THE INCREDIBLE OCCURS! THE WEALTHY TENANTS OF THE HOTEL'S FASHIONABLE TOP FLOOR ARE ALL USHERED OUT OF THE BUILDING, UPON THE WORD OF ONE MYSTERIOUS MAN!

I'LL SUE SOMEBODY FOR THIS! THIS IS UNPARDONABLE!

ORDER ME OUT, WILL THEY? I'LL NEVER COME BACK HERE AGAIN!

I WONDER WHY THEY'RE DOING THIS? THEY GAVE US NO REASON!

AND, FINALLY...

I'VE DONE IT! I'VE PROVED MYSELF TO BE UNBEATABLE! THERE IS NOTHING I CANNOT ACCOMPLISH! BEFORE I'M DONE, THE ENTIRE WORLD WILL BE AT THE FEET OF KILLGRAVE, THE ALL-POWERFUL PURPLE MAN!

THERE WAS ONLY ONE WHO SEEMED ABLE TO RESIST MY POWER! BUT, I'LL FIND A WAY TO DEFEAT HIM, TOO! IT IS MY DESTINY TO TRIUMPH! I WAS MEANT TO CONQUER ALL!

MEANWHILE, WHAT OF THE MAN WHOM KILLGRAVE WAS REFERRING TO? BACK AT THE LAW OFFICES OF NELSON AND MURDOCK, WE FIND HIM RAPIDLY SCANNING HIS BRAILLE LAW BOOKS, EVEN THOUGH HIS SUPER-SENSITIVE FINGERS COULD "READ" ORDINARY PRINT IF HE WISHED, MERELY BY FEELING THE IMPRESSION OF THE INK ON THE PAGE!

IT'S JUST AS I THOUGHT!

KILLGRAVE ACTUALLY SEEMS TO HAVE BROKEN NO LAW!

I CAN FIND NO LAW WHICH PROHIBITS A MAN FROM ASKING FOR THINGS!

AND IF PEOPLE CHOOSE TO OBEY HIM, THAT'S THEIR PRIVILEGE! I CAN PROVE NO USE OF UNDUE FORCE ON KILLGRAVE'S PART!

NOT ONLY MUST I OUT-FIGHT HIM, BUT I MUST ALSO OUT-THINK HIM!

THIS MINIATURISED SPY-TYPE RECORDER IN MY BILLY-CANE IS ONE OF THE THINGS THAT IS GOING TO HELP ME. THE OTHERS I SHALL HAVE TO PREPARE!

THEN, AFTER AN HOUR OF LONG PREPARATION...

PERFECT! THIS CHEMICALLY TREATED PLASTIC SHEET SNAPS OPEN AND CLOSED WITHIN MY CAPE BY MEANS OF A TAUT SPRING, LIKE A MODIFIED WINDOW SHADE!

ZIP!

AND NOW, WITH MY BILLY CLUB SHEATHED IN ITS HOLSTER... AND UNHAMPERED BY MY BULKY HOOD... I'M READY FOR ONE OF THE TOUGHEST MISSIONS OF MY CAREER!

THIS TIME I WON'T STOP SEARCHING THE CITY TILL I *FIND* KILLGRAVE! NO MATTER HOW LONG IT TAKES... NO MATTER HOW DIFFICULT IT IS!

HEEDLESS OF THE RISKS... IGNORING THE DANGERS... HIS EVERY SENSE OPERATING AT PEAK EFFICIENCY... THE DAZZLING, SIGHTLESS *DAREDEVIL* COMBS THE CITY...

...LISTENING FOR VOICES, HEARTBEATS... *ANY* CLUE AT ALL...

FOR, ONCE HAVING STOOD NEAR THE PURPLE MAN, DAREDEVIL'S RAZOR-SHARP SENSES COULD IDENTIFY HIS VOICE, HIS PULSE RATE, HIS FOOTSTEPS, THE ODOUR OF HIS HAIR TONIC FROM AMONG MILLIONS OF OTHERS! FOR, TO THE SIGHTLESS CRUSADER, SUCH THINGS ARE AS DISTINCTIVE... AS UNFAILING... AS A MAN'S *FINGER-PRINTS!*

ALL THAT DAREDEVIL REQUIRES IS TO BE WITHIN APPROXIMATELY ONE CITY BLOCK OF HIS QUARRY, AND HE WILL BE ABLE TO REACH HIS TARGET UNFAILINGLY!

BUT THIS TIME HIS TASK IS EASIER THAN USUAL... FOR KILLGRAVE, CONFIDENT OF HIS GROWING POWER, HAS TAKEN NO PAINS TO CONCEAL HIS WHEREABOUTS! IN FACT, THROUGH THE MAGIC OF TV AND RADIO COVERAGE, THE ENTIRE *NATION* IS KEEPING ABREAST OF EACH NEW DEVELOPMENT!

ACCORDING TO THE RADIO NEWS BROADCAST I HEARD THROUGH THE WINDOW I JUST PASSED, KILLGRAVE HAS JUST TAKEN POSSESSION OF THE TOP FLOOR OF THE RITZ PLAZA HOTEL! I SHOULD BE THERE IN *MINUTES!*

AND, UNAWARE THAT THE ONE MAN ABLE TO BATTLE HIM IS NEARBY, *KILLGRAVE* DISCUSSES HIS FUTURE PLANS WITH HIS "CAPTIVE AUDIENCE"...

I NOW HAVE A SMALL BUT POWERFUL PROTECTIVE FORCE, TO GUARD ME IF I SHOULD EVER BE CAUGHT UNAWARES!

I HAVE KAREN PAGE TO SERVE AS MY CONTACT WITH THE OUTER WORLD AND AS MY RECORDING SECRETARY AND BIOGRAPHER!

OUR HEADQUARTERS ARE SECURE... SO IT IS TIME WE *BRANCHED OUT*... THERE IS MUCH YET TO BE DONE!

KAREN, I WANT YOU TO CONTACT... WHAT'S *WRONG*?? WHAT DO YOU SEE ON THE TERRACE??

BEFORE THE STARTLED GIRL CAN REPLY, A NIMBLE, SMOOTH-MUSCLED FIGURE BURSTS INTO THE ROOM, AS CONFIDENTLY AS IF HE CAN ACTUALLY *SEE* THE DANGERS THAT AWAIT HIM!

THEY'RE STANDING IN A SEMI-CIRCLE... KILLGRAVE IS IN THE CENTRE! KAREN'S SOFTER BREATHING IS COMING FROM MY LEFT... BEHIND KILLGRAVE!

IT'S *DAREDEVIL!* DON'T LET HIM *TOUCH* ME!

ALTHOUGH UNABLE TO SEE, DAREDEVIL'S SENSE OF DIRECTION IS COMPLETELY FLAWLESS! HE IS POSSIBLY THE ONLY HUMAN ALIVE WHO CAN TELL WHERE *NORTH* IS BY SENSING THE MAGNETIC PULL OF THE POLE... OR WHO CAN *NEAR* THE DIRECTION OF THE VERY CURRENTS OF THE AIR ITSELF!

I'VE REACHED MY GOAL! THE RITZ PLAZA IS DIRECTLY ACROSS THE STREET! I HEAR VANS BELOW... MOVING MEN... THEY'RE UNLOADING CAMERA EQUIPMENT!

WHATEVER HAPPENS NEXT MAY WELL OCCUR WITH THE EYES OF THE WORLD WITNESS-ING THE ENTIRE TABLEAU!

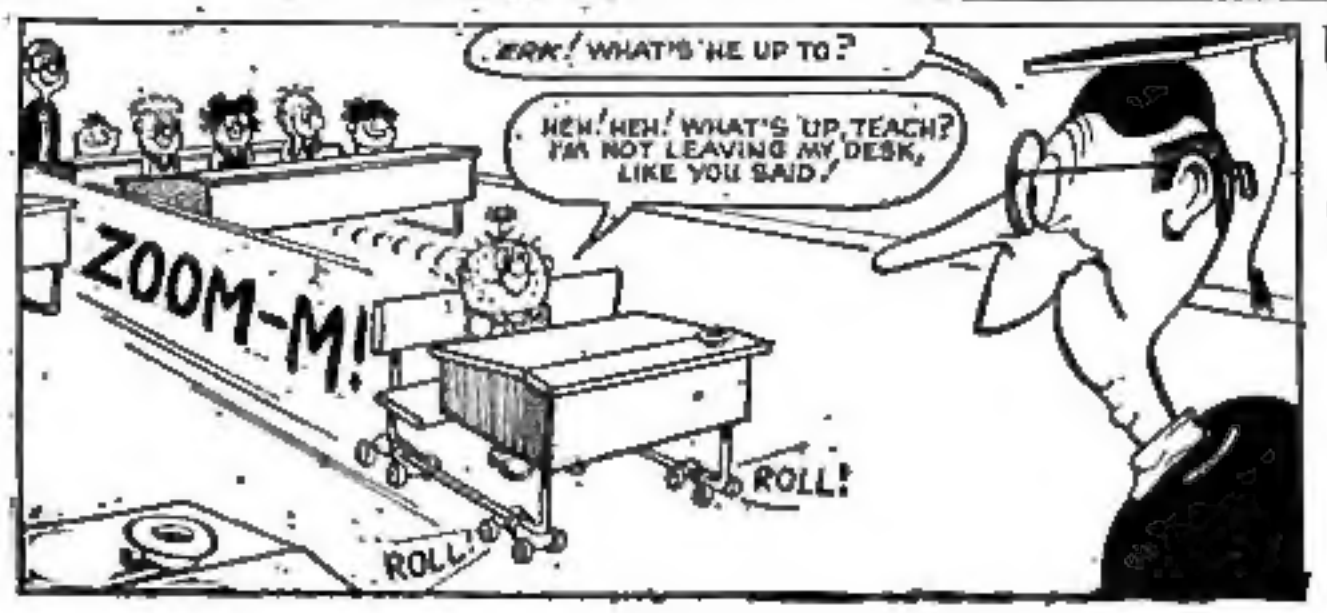
THEIR SOFT FOOTSTEPS ARE COMING CLOSER... PREPARING TO ATTACK! HEARTBEATS HAVEN'T SPEEDED UP ENOUGH YET... THEY WON'T RUSH ME FOR AT LEAST FIVE SECONDS!

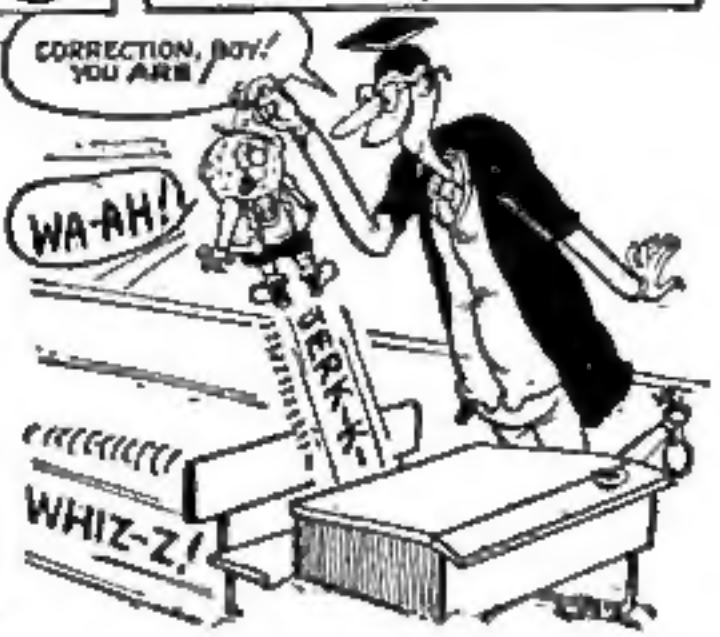
ATTACK HIM ALL AT *ONCE!!* HE IS MORE POWERFUL THAN YOU *SUSPECT!*

C'MON, YOU GUYS! WE HAVE TO PROTECT THE *MASTER!*

NEXT ISH: A POWER GAME OF BLIND MAN'S BLUFF — WITH KAREN'S LIFE AT STAKE!

The SWOTS and the BLOTS





AS LORD NELSON WOULD HAVE SAID PREPARE TO ATTACK! HEH! HEH!

BRAVO, SIR. GIVE HIM A BROADSIDE ON HIS STERN!

SWISH!

OH, N-NO!

PREPARE FOR THE FIRST VOLLEY!

WAA-AAH! NO!

HEH! HEH! I THINK IT'S TIME WE SENT IN THE FLEET!

?!?

RIP!

SW,SH-H-H

NEVER FEAR, SIR— CLARENCE IS HERE!

FIRE BUCKET

AIEE! THAT'S TORN IT!

DROP-P-

AAH! BLISS! THANK YOU, MY BOY!

GRR! THE BLOTS HAVE GONE TOO FAR THIS WEEK!

GRRR!

THROB

HEY!

NELSON'S SWORD

OFF!

ARGH! NO!

EEK!

MUWER!

OOPS!

SECONDS LATER ..

COME ON! LET'S GET ARMED— BEFORE WE DO BATTLE!

FOLLOW ME BOYS! TO THE BATTLEGROUND!

TO TRAFALGAR SQUARE

AYE-EYE, SIR!

AAGH! IT'S WET!

DON'T JUST STAND THERE, MATE— COME DOWN AND STOP THIS ONE TOO!

SIGH! IT'S THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR ALL OVER AGAIN!

TO TRAFALGAR SQUARE

THUD!

POUND-D-

CRASH!

SMASH!

WHIZ-Z-Z-Z

EGGS

EGGS

THROW

HELP!

PRISONERS

ZOOM-M!

SMASH -CHAT!

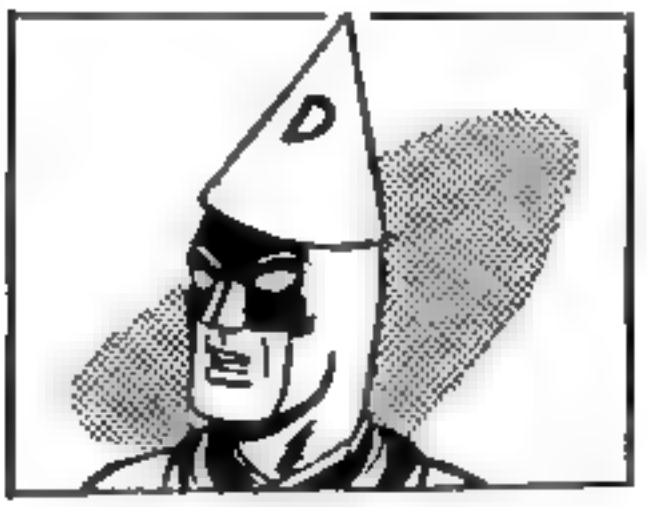
Have you got anything to say? Chat it over with Alf and Cos. YOU could win a £1!

Dear Alf and Cos,
I am writing to tell you that your fantastic comic SMASH No. 75 has a slight mistake on the front cover. A small boy stopped Batman to get his autograph. He signed it with his right hand. Every one knows that in order to fool crooks trying to discover his secret identity, Batman always signs his autographs with his left hand. So does Robin. Please let me know why he did this.

Maurice Bradwell,
Wakefield, Yorks.

● *Holy Signature! We've got to hand it to you, Maurice! All that's left for us to say is that you're right!*

Alf and Cos.



Dear Alf and Cos,
I want to complain about SMASH No. 75. In the Batman feature, Jack Benny should have been blindfolded or doped for a little while so that he wouldn't know where the Batcave is but he wasn't doped or blindfolded. Still, everyone makes a mistake once in their life like your artist has. I still think SMASH is SMASHing though, and I get it delivered, because if I didn't, by the time I got down to the newsagent, SMASH would be sold out.

Allan Nicholls,
Harlow, Essex.

● *It's fair enough even Batman making one error but two in one week is just too much to believe. So, if you take a look at SMASH 70, you'll see Batman did put a mask on Jack Benny before setting off for the Batcave!*

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
I want to thank you very much. What for? Well, on Saturday, I went to a Fancy-Dress Ball as Robin, the Boy Wonder. So what? Well, believe it or not—I won. And if it wasn't for your comic I wouldn't have been able to get the details of his costume.

Stephen Cryne,
Manchester 11.

● *Don't thank us, Steve—it's all part of the service.*

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
I wake up in the morning,
Scramble out of bed,
Trip and twist my ankle,
Fall and bang my head.
Who cares about my ailments?
Who cares about all that?
For now it's Monday morning,
And SMASH is on the mat.

Michael McGarry,
Widnes, Lancs.

● *We've read plenty Verse than this!*

Alf and Cos.

Send your letters to:

Alf & Cos,
SMASH,
64, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2

FREE! 10 NEW RALEIGH MUSTANG BICYCLES TO BE WON

YOUR LAST CHANCE!

Have you entered yet? If not, this is it! Your very last chance to win. There are entry coupons in SMASH - WHAM - POW - FANTASTIC - TERRIFIC. Thus, you can compete on an entry coupon from any or all of the "POWER-packed" five.

So now, too, is the time to post off your entries. Who knows? You stand as much chance as anybody to win one of these fantastic Mustang bicycles!

HOW TO ENTER [illegible]

[illegible] But don't delay. All entries must arrive by not later than FRIDAY, 8th SEPTEMBER, 1967.

RULES There are ten prizes, each of a Raleigh Mustang bicycle. All entries will be examined, and the prizes awarded to the ten competitors who have, in the opinion of the judges, shown the most skill and judgment in selecting the ten items which, together would make a seaside summer pop show the most entertaining one and a sure fire success. Should there be more than ten such correct, those tying will be invited to enter a free tie-breaking contest to decide the ten winners. No reader can win more than one award.

The competition is open to all readers in the U.K. and Eire other than children of employees of Fleetway Press Ltd. and associated companies. Each reader is allowed to submit one entry coupon only, which have cut out of the Five Power comics in which this competition appears.

The decisions of the Manager of Fleetway and the judges are final in all matters relating to the competition, and no correspondence will be entered into. The result will be published in the Five Power Comics.

— — — Cut around the broken line — — —

FREE ENTRY FORM — POWER POP COMPETITION

Place a cross 'X' in the blank space against each of the TEN items you select

Beatles	
Dave Dupty	
Cat Stevens	
Bill Haley	
Susie Quatro	
Freddie and the Dreamers	
Hot Hits	
Cars	
Birmans and Tapper	
Electric Hits	
Monkees	
Fast and Easy Hits	
Petula Clark	
Smoke Stax	
Sixties	
Sixpence	
Tom Jones	
Tremeloes	
Tin Soldiers	
Walker Brothers	

AGE ... NAME ..... (Block letters)

ADDRESS .....

(Block letters)

Post your entry to: POWER POP COMPETITION, 64 LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. 2347

THE INCREDIBLE HULK!

"...THEN, THERE SHALL COME A STRANGER!"

LAST ISH, WE SAW OUR MAGNIFICENT, MUNT-COLOURED MONSTER DEFEAT THE BOMBASTIC BOOMERANG, BUT EVEN IN DOING SO, OL' GREEN SKIN BEGAN TO CHANGE ONCE MORE INTO HIS NORMAL IDENTITY—AND EVEN AS IT HAPPENED, A STRANGE, AWESOME APPARITION OCCURED OVER HIS EXHAUSTED BODY...

FROM A VANTAGE POINT IN DEEPEST SPACE I HAVE BEEN *STUDYING* THE PRIMITIVE PLANET *EARTH*...

AND I LIKE *NOT* WHAT I HAVE SEEN!

MAN IS TOO CONSUMED WITH *GREED*, AND WITH *HATRED* FOR HIS FELLOW MORTALS!

OBSESSED WITH *WAR*... AND POSSESSING *ATOMIC POWER* EARTH IS TOO *GREAT A DANGER* TO THE SPRAWLING *UNIVERSE!*

BUT I *FORGET*! MY WORDS DO FALL UPON *DEAF EARS!*

THEREFORE, BRUCE BANNER—I COMMAND YOU TO... *WAKEN!*

BUT REMAIN *IMMOBILE!* YOU MAY NOT MOVE—YOU MAY NOT SPEAK!

THOUGH YOU SHALL KNOW ME ONLY AS A *STRANGER*... I HAVE LEARNED OF YOUR *POWER*—THE POWER TO TRANSFORM YOURSELF INTO—*THE HULK!*

YOU SHALL *USE* THAT POWER—*IN MY BEHALF!*

THE TIME HAS COME FOR THE INCREDIBLE *HULK* TO PERFORM HIS *GREATEST* FEAT OF STRENGTH—HIS MOST MONUMENTAL *TASK!*

HE MUST GO ON A *RAMPAGE*... MORE DEADLY... MORE *DESTRUCTIVE* THAN EVER BEFORE!

FOR 'TIS MY INTENTION TO *CLEANSE* THE EARTH—TO *PURIFY* THIS TORTURED PLANET IN THE ONLY WAY POSSIBLE...

CIVILIZATION—AS YOU NOW KNOW IT—MUST BE *OBLITERATED!* THE WORKS OF MAN—INDEED, *MAN* HIMSELF MUST BE ALL BUT *WIPED OUT!*

ONLY *THEN*... WITH THE PLANET SCOURED *CLEAN*—SCOURSED OF THE SEEDS OF *EVIL*—CAN A NEW DAY DAWN!

THEN, THESE HUMANS WHO HAVE *SURVIVED* THE COMING HOLOCAUST SHALL BUILD A *BETTER* WORLD UNDER *MY* COMMAND!

BUT, I SENSE YOUR *THOUGHT!* YOU ARE CONCERNED ABOUT THE FATE OF THE *MILLIONS* WHO MUST PERISH!

THAT CAN BE OF *NO* CONCERN TO *ME!* HUMAN LIFE MEANS *NOTHING* TO THE *STRANGER!*

IF ALL THE *SOLAR SYSTEM* MUST BE DESTROYED TO BRING *PEACE* TO THE UNIVERSE I WOULD NOT SHED A SINGLE *TEAR* AT ITS PASSING!

FOR I AM THE *STRANGER!* I WALK EVER *ALONE!*

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group. 1967

WHAT IS THIS? A SENSE TOTAL LOATHING WITHIN YOU YOU CONSIDER ME A MENACE!

RUTLESS MORTAL! CAN YOU NOT SEE I AM VALKYRIE'S BENEFACTOR?

WHAT DOES IT MATTER IF MORE OF HUMANITY PERISHES? I SHALL BUILD A BETTER WORLD OUT OF THE ASHES I SHALL HELP YOU PITIFUL HUMANS IF I HAVE TO TURN ALL OF EARTH INTO A FIERY INFERNO TO DO IT!

AND AS FOR YOU

WHEN YOU ARE TRANSFORMED ONCE AGAIN INTO THE RAMPAGING HULK IT IS YOU WHO SHALL DO MY HANDIWORK!

YES! FOLLOWING MY ORDERS THE SUPER POWERFUL SUPER HUMAN HULK SHALL HELP TO RID THE EARTH OF THE LOATHSOME HUMAN RACE!

AND ON THAT CHEERY NOTE WE TAKE OUR LEAVE OF THE STRANGER AND HIS ONE MAN CAPTIVE AUDIENCE AS WE MAKE A QUICK FLIGHT TO MISSILE COMMAND HQ. WHERE WE FIND

I MUST SEE GENERAL ROSS!

NOT YET, BETTY BUT WE'LL FIND HIM DON'T YOU WORRY!

OH THERE HE IS.

AND WHEN WE DO HE WON'T ESCAPE US AGAIN!

GLENN IS THERE ANY NEWS? HAVE YOU HAD ANY WORD ABOUT THE HULK?

WHERE IN BLAZES ARE THOSE CHARTS AND MAPS I ASKED FOR? ISN'T ANYONE AROUND HERE OH!

HERE THEY ARE

DAD WHEN YOU FIND HIM HOW WILL YOU GET HIM BACK UNDER CONTROL... WITHOUT HAVING TO INJURE HIM?

INJURE HIM? USE YOUR HEAD, GIRL WE'LL WIPE HIM OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH IF WE HAVE TO!

IT'S THE HULK WE'RE TALKING ABOUT NOT MARY POPPINS!

DO YOU READ ME GILT

NO! YOU CAN'T MEAN IT HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN...?

YOU CAN'T DESTROY THE HULK NOT WITHOUT DESTROYING BRUCE BANNER, AS WELL!

I WON'T LISTEN TO ANY MORE!

I WON'T BE REMINDED THAT YOU'RE STILL IN LOVE WITH THAT BLASTED FREAK!

MAJOR TALBOT! SEE MY DAUGHTER BACK TO HER QUARTERS

YES SIR

SHE DOES STILL LOVE BANNER IN SPITE OF EVERYTHING!

AT THAT MOMENT A STERN COPPER VOICE BARKS OUT THROUGH THE NEARBY VAN-COM...

UNIT FOUR REPORTING SIR! INTRUDER FOUND HIDING ON BASE HE CLAIMS TO HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU!

I WAS LOOKING FOR YOU GENERAL YOU'VE GOT TO LET ME HELP YOU FIND THE HULK!

IT'S RICK JONES BRUCE BANNER'S TEEN AGE FRIEND!

I DON'T CARE IF HE'S THE NEPHEW OF KING KONG!

HOLD HIM LIEUTENANT I'LL BE RIGHT THERE!

LET'S GO!

I'VE JUST ABOUT HAD IT WITH THAT BRAT'S INTERFERENCE!

THIS IS AN ARMY BASE NOT A PLAYGROUND!

AFTER ALL GENERAL ROSS ARE'NT WE THE ONLY HUMANS WHO THE HULK APPEARS TO TRUST?

BUT DID HE HAND THE BOY ANY INFORMATION BEFORE YOU

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH US? AREN'T WE GOOD ENOUGH?

WHY SHOULD WE HAVE TO HOUND THE HULK?

WHO CARES ABOUT THE KID ANYWAY!

BECAUSE HE'S A BLASTED MENACE... THAT'S WHY

THE GOVERNMENT THINKS WE CAN PERHAPS GET THE HULK ONCE AND FOR ALL!

GENERAL! I WAS HOPIN' YOU'D COME I KNOW YOU'VE GOTTA LISTEN TO ME

AT EASE, JONES I DON'T HAVE TO LISTEN TO ANYONE!

ALL RIGHT LIEUTENANT YOU CAN RELEASE HIM NOW I'LL DEAL WITH HIM!

IF YOU'VE GOT SOME THING TO SAY OUT WITH IT!

NO THANKS, I'LL BE WATCHING YOU.

FOR PETER'S SAKE! I HAS SOMETHING TO TELL YOU!

LOOK I CAN'T FIND THE HULK HE MIGHT BE ANYWHERE!

BUT YOU'VE GOT EVERYTHING GOIN' FOR YOU... PLANES MEN, VEHICLES EVERYTHING!

YOU'LL TRACK HIM DOWN SOONER OR LATER! AND WHEN YOU DO THERE'LL BE FIGHTIN' LOTS OF YOUR TROOPS'LL BE HURT

BUT YOU'VE GOT THE MISSILES THE ATOMIC WARHEADS SO IT'S A SAFE BET YOU'LL FINISH THE HULK LAUGHS HE'LL NEVER SURRENDER!

OKAY OKAY WE KNOW ALL THAT WHAT'S THE POINT?

THIS I DON'T WANT THE HULK KILLED!

LOOK NO I'M NO BLASTED ASSASSIN I WON'T EVEN STEP ON AN ANT WILL IF I CAN HELP IT

AND I KNOW THAT THE HULK SAVED YOUR LIFE IN THE PAST AND YOU FEEL GRATEFUL TO HIM

BUT DON'CHA SEE? HE'S NOT A HUMAN ANYMORE HE WANTS TO BE LET ALONE IF I CAN JUST GET TO HIM FIRST I CAN REASON WITH HIM I KNOW I CAN!

BUT AS LONG AS HE LIVES OUR SECURITY IS THREATENED AND IT'S MY JOB TO PROTECT THAT SECURITY

REASON WITH THE HULK?!

I'M NOT PROMISING ANYTHING... BUT YOU CAN STAY WITH US UNTIL WE FIND HIM!

AFTER THAT IT'S ANYBODY'S GUESS WE'LL JUST PLAY IT BY EAR AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

YOU CAN GIVE THE BOY CLEARANCE, LIEUTENANT I'LL TAKE THE RESPONSIBILITY!

YES SIR, GENERAL

BUT WE'VE ALL SEEN THE HULK IN HIS RAGE WE ALL KNOW HOW POWERFUL HE IS!

UNLESS YOU FIND HIM FIRST THE CHANCES ARE WE'LL HAVE FINISHED HIM BY THE TIME YOU CAN GET THERE!

GOSH, MISS BOSS - IF ONLY I COULD REACH HIM FIRST! BUT - I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE TO LOOK!

RICK! - YOU'RE HIS ONLY HOPE! IF DAD'S MISSILE CARRYING TASK FORCE ATTACKS HIM HE WON'T HAVE A CHANCE!

AND IF THE HULK DIES - THEN BRUCE BANNER DIES TOO!

AND NOW, JUST WHEN IT SEEMS THAT THINGS CAN'T GET ANY MORE DEPRESSING, LET'S RETURN TO OUR LONELY LITTLE MOUNTAIN TOP AGAIN. WHERE - TO NO ONE'S SURPRISE - WE STILL FIND--

IT IS THE HULK WHO WILL SOFTEN MANKIND FOR ME - AND GET HUMANITY READY FOR MY FINAL ASSAULT!

I INTEND TO SWEEP THIS PLANET CLEAN - AND THE GREEN SKINNED GIANT SHALL BE MY SCYTHE!

UTILIZING THE HULK'S VIRTUALLY LIMITLESS NATURAL STRENGTH, YOU WILL DESTROY BE DOES, DAMS, MILITARY INSTALLATIONS, PUBLIC BUILDINGS - !

IN SHORT, ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING THAT MANKIND NEEDS TO SUSTAIN LIFE AND SAFETY FOR THE MASSES!

AND I MUST BE CERTAIN THAT YOU FOLLOW MY ORDERS IMPLICITLY!

THUS, BY MEANS OF A SCIENCE WHICH MANKIND CANNOT EVEN CONCEIVE OF - I CAUSE AN INTER-SPACIAL DIMENSION WARP TO APPEAR BETWEEN YOUR GALAXY --AND MINE--!

BEHOLD! BEFORE YOUR VERY EYES I HAVE TRANSPORTED A MACHINE OVER A DISTANCE SO GREAT IT DEFIES DESCRIPTION!

A MACHINE WHICH CAN REPLENISH MY OWN NATURAL POWERS - WHICH CAN MAKE MY WILL SO IRRESISTIBLE THAT YOU MUST OBEY IT!

PREPARE YOURSELF, BRUCE BANNER! SOON YOU SHALL BE MY HELPLESS SLAVE--YOU SHALL BE MANKIND'S DESTROYER!

BUT THOUGH HE IS UNABLE TO MOVE - UNABLE TO SPEAK--THE PULSE RATE OF DR BANNER INCREASES UNTIL IT REACHES THE CRITICAL POINT--

--THE POINT WHICH TRIGGERS THE MOST AMAZING PHYSICAL TRANSFORMATION EVER ENCOUNTERED WITHIN RECORDED HISTORY--

--THE TRANSFORMATION OF DR BRUCE BANNER INTO THE MONSTROUS, RAMPAGING GREEN-SKINNED INCREDIBLE HULK!

NOTHING STOPS HULK FROM MOVING!! AND ONE GIVES ORDERS TO HULK!!

AHH! YOU HAVE ASSUMED YOUR OTHER IDENTITY--JUST AS I WISHED YOU TO!

YOUR STRENGTH IS TRULY ALL I WISHED IT TO BE!

NONE BUT YOU COULD USE SHEER, NAKED POWER TO VIOLATE MY COMMAND TO REMAIN MOTIONLESS!

AND NOW, THE TIME HAS COME FOR YOU TO FULFILL YOUR AWESOME MISSION!

YOU TRY TO MAKE SLAVE OF HULK?

EXCELLENT! EXCELLENT! THAT BLAZING RAGE--THAT LIVID, SEETHING FURY - ARE PERFECT FOR MY PURPOSES!

HULK KILL--!

VERY WELL--YOUR PRIMITIVE EXHIBITION HAS SERVED ITS PURPOSE! BUT NOW ENOUGH! I AM NO LONGER AMUSED!

KROOM!

I PUT AN END TO THIS FUTILE TABLEAU--MERELY BY WILLING YOU TO HURTLE BACK--UNTIL YOU ARE HELPLESSLY IMBEDDED IN YONDER ROCKY HILLSIDE!

SPROK

NOBODY MAKES HULK HELPLESS! NO ROCKS CAN HOLD HULK BACK!

KRAK!

AHH! NOW MORE THAN EVER, DO I REALIZE WHAT A PERFECT CHOICE I HAVE MADE!

YOU WILL WREAK HAVOC UPON MANKIND AS EFFORTLESSLY AS I ANTICIPATED!

FOR, IT IS OBVIOUS THAT NO FORCE ON EARTH CAN STOP YOU!

YOU! CAN'T STOP ME--EITHER!

ALAS, MY SUPER-POWERED LACKEY, YOU ARE WRONG!

THE POWER AT MY COMMAND IS NOT OF THE PUNY EARTH!

THE RAYS WHICH ENGULF YOU CONTAIN ENERGY ENOUGH TO CHANGE THE ORBIT OF A PLANET!

NOTHING STOPS HULK!

NEVER HAVE I SEEN SUCH BESTIAL POWER--SUCH UNHUMAN RESOLVE!

IT WOULD PLEASE ME TO REMAIN, AND STUDY YOU AT FAR GREATER LENGTH--BUT THERE ARE OTHER MATTERS--IN DISTANT GALAXIES--WHICH NOW CONCERN ME!

THEREFORE--IT IS WITH THE GREATEST RELUCTANCE--THAT I INCREASE THE AMOUNT OF INTRASPACIAL ENERGY WHICH SURROUNDS YOU!

ARGHH!

NOW--
RISE!
IT IS TIME FOR ME TO WILL YOU YOUR IRREVOCABLE INSTRUCTIONS!
YOU MATE ALL OF MANKIND! YOU EXIST FOR ONLY ONE PURPOSE--TO SMASH OUT AND DESTROY!
YOU HAVE NO OTHER PURPOSE NO OTHER GOAL BUT DESTRUCTION!
NOTHING MAY CHANGE THE HATRED IN YOUR HEART!
NOTHING MAY DAMPEN THE FLAMING INFERNO OF RAGE THAT SMOULDERS IN YOUR SOUL!
NOTHING!
NOW GO! FOR I AM THE WILL--AND YOU ARE THE WAY!
SO SPEAKS THE STRANGER!
HULK GOES! HULK SMASHES! HULK DESTROYS!
AND SO, THE PROLOGUE IS ENDED! SOON, THE CURTAIN WILL RISE ON ACT ONE--
A PITY I SHALL NOT BE HERE TO WITNESS IT--
BUT THE STAGE IS SET-- AND THE PLAY HAS BEGUN!
ALAS, POOR EARTH! I PITY YOU!
NEXT:
THE OTHER HULK!

MEET . . . Mister Knowall

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

INVISIBLE THREAD

Tell your friends that you have a magic invisible needle and thread. They won't believe you. Well, now prove them wrong. Pretend to put the invisible thread through the invisible needle. And then, pretend to stick the needle through the corner of one nostril. When your mates can stop laughing just long enough to watch, hold up your hand and pull it up, as if pulling the needle—and at the same time twitch the side of your nose as though the thread is pulling it. It's very effective when you've got it off pat. Practise in front of a mirror first—and you'll see what a giggle it is.

CARD CATCH!

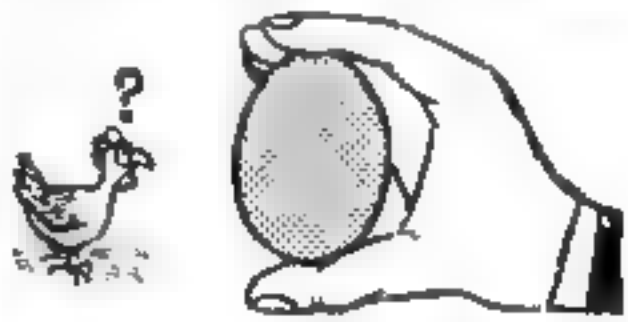
ASK one of your mates to pick out any card from a pack. After he has looked at it—tell him to hold it up in front of you so that you cannot see the front. Take it from him with the back still towards you, gripping it in the palm of your right hand, as shown, so that you bend the card slightly. Now, tell him you can feel what it is on the surface of the card. And you'll give him the right answer every time. How did you do it?—Simple. When the card was slightly bent, you quickly glanced down at the left hand corner to see which card it was. But, of course, you say nothing until you've rubbed your hand over the front pretending to feel the answer.

GREAT ATTRACTION

Put a blown up balloon on the table and take a matchbox out of your pocket. Make a few waves at the balloon and it comes surging towards you! How is it done? Easy—you use as dark a balloon as you can get. Drop in a few small pieces of steel wool or some iron filings before you blow it up. Have a small magnet in your matchbox. The effect is really weird—and your mates will never guess how it's done unless they see the magnet.

CRACKING TRICK

Tell your mates it is possible to squeeze an egg in your hand with all your might without breaking it. But stand back if anyone insists on having first try, unless they've got the Knowall knowhow, the yolk is going to be on them—and you don't want it over you, too! So how is it done? . . . just make sure you place it on its end in your hand before you squeeze AND DON'T PRESS THE SIDES. No amount of pressure you can give will break an egg this way. But it's as well to hold it at arm's length when you first try



HOLIDAY EXTRAS!

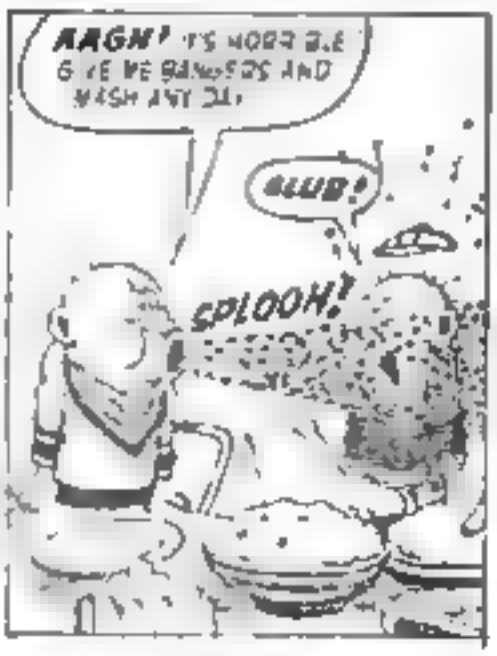
There is no need to miss your favourite paper when on holiday because extra supplies are available at all British holiday resorts. Wherever you go, you will find your copy of SMASH on sale.

Remember to help your newsagent when you're going away. If you have your SMASH reserved or delivered, please tell him in good time when to stop delivery and when to start again.

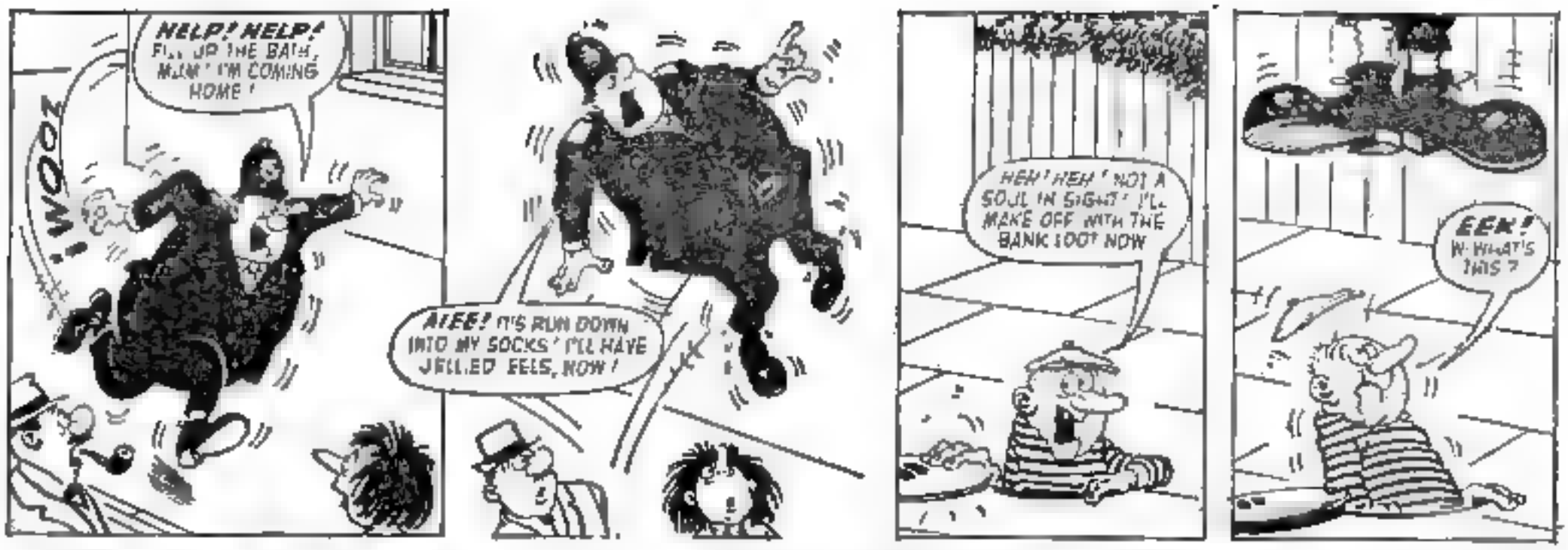
HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—IF HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

RONNIE RICH

I'VE SPENT ALL MY MONEY ON GRUB FOR MY PALS THIS WEEK! I'LL BE ABLE TO COLLECT MY MILLION POUNDS WHEN WE'VE EATEN THIS LOT!
OH BOY! GOOD OLD RON!
WHAT A PAL!



SPLAT!
SPLUDGE!
WHEEE!
HELP!
THESE BANGERS MADE SMASHING DOG SLOPPERS— TRY ONE!
WA-AAH! CUT IT OUT, YOU TWERPS! YOU'RE MEANT TO EAT IT!
OOO YOU'VE GOT A PIE IN YOUR EYE


HELP! HELP!
FILL UP THE BATH, MUM! I'M COMING HOME!
WOOF!
AIEE! IT'S RUN DOWN INTO MY SOCKS! I'LL HAVE JELLIED EELS, NOW!
HEH! HEH! NOT A SOUL IN SIGHT! I'LL MAKE OFF WITH THE BANK LOOT NOW
EEK! W-WHAT'S THIS?
AAGH! IT'S A BLINKING BLUEBOTTLE!
WELL, THERE'S A STROKE OF LUCK FOR YOU—THAT'S CRAFTY CHARLIE CADGER—THERE'S A BIG REWARD FOR HIM!
LATER...
HERE'S THE REWARD RON—AND AN EXTRA TEN BOB FROM ME—THANKS TO YOU I'M A SERGEANT NOW!
WHAT! I D...DON'T BELIEVE IT! I'M RICH AGAIN!

YOUR FAVOURITE ANNUALS

Packed with fun and thrills!

NOW READY!

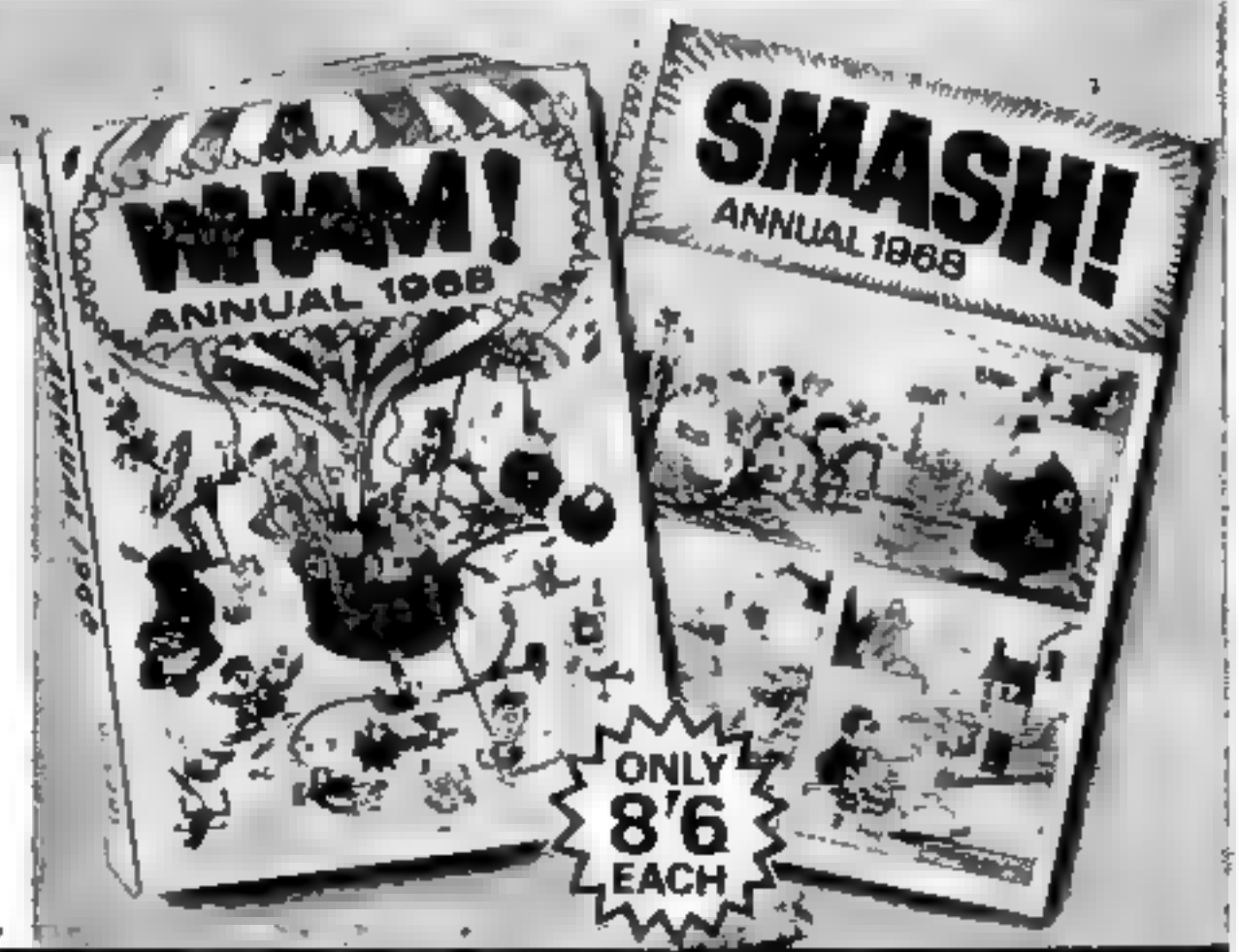
WHAM! ANNUAL 1968

Packed with sparkling new picture strips featuring the hilarious and thrilling adventures of your favourite *Wham!* characters, as well as jokes and exciting special features. 94 colour-illustrated pages. 8/6

SMASH! ANNUAL 1968

Fun and thrills galore with Rubberman, The Legend Testers, Bad Penny, The Nervs, and lots more of the popular characters from *Smash!* in dozens of colourful picture strips. 94 colour-Illustrated pages. 8/6

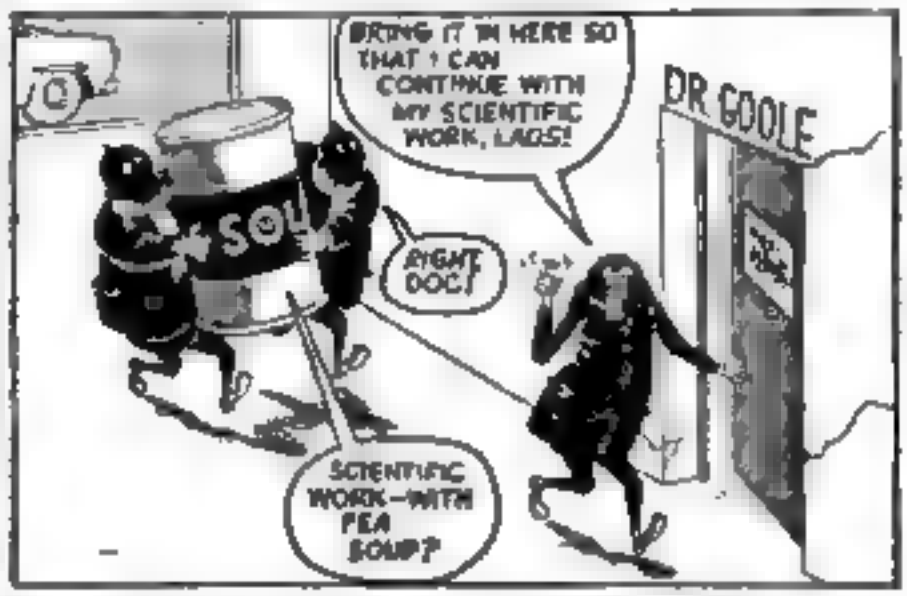
MAKE SURE OF YOURS NOW!

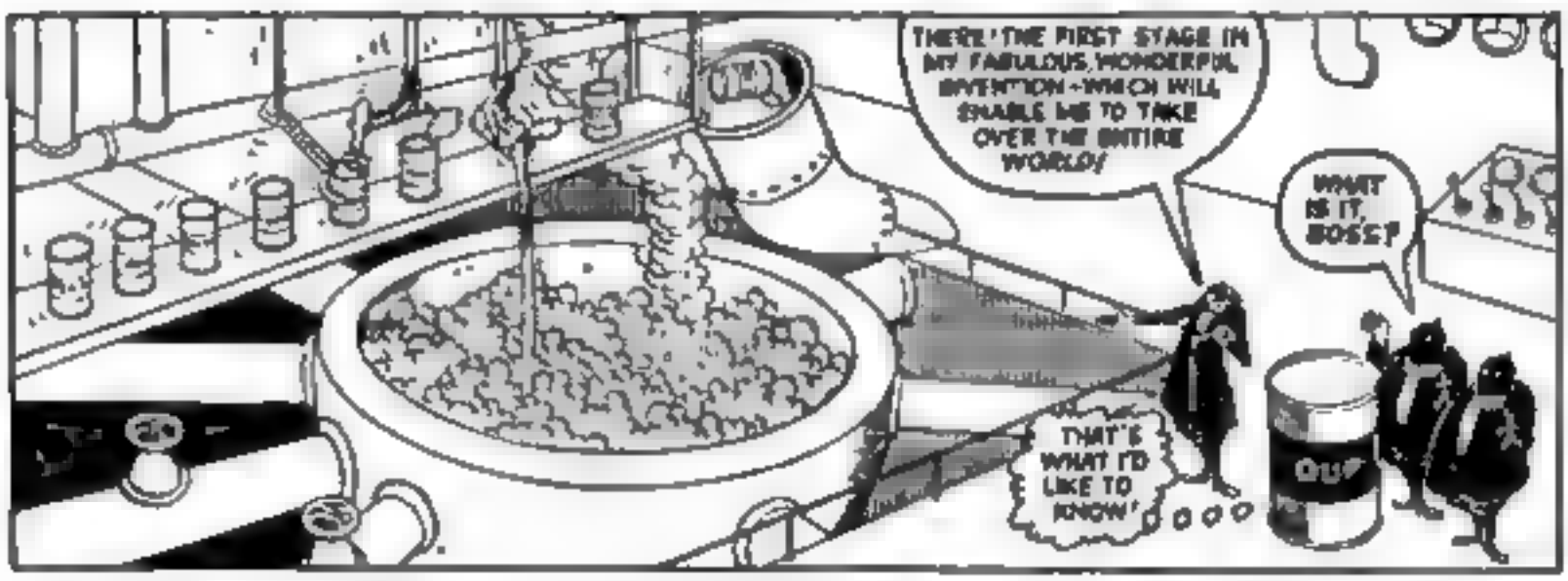


ON SALE AT ALL NEWSAGENTS AND BOOKSELLERS

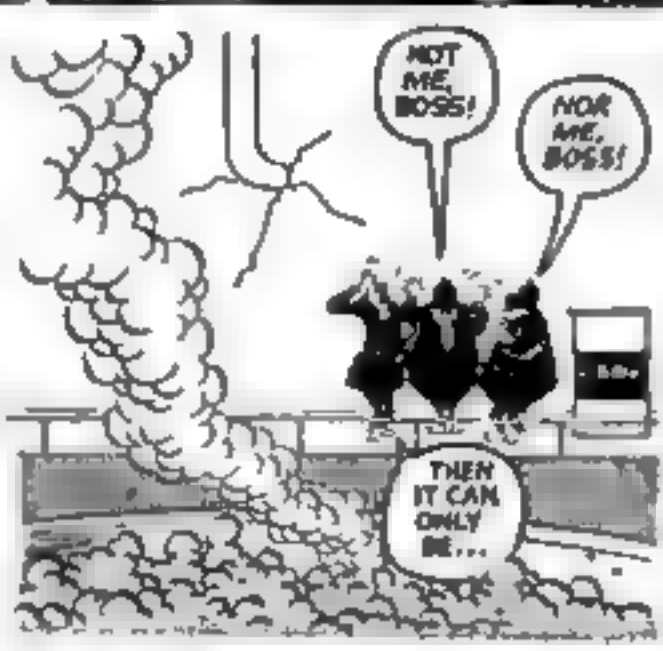
THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

GREAT WORK, LADS, THERE'LL BE A BONUS FOR YOU, ALL RIGHT!
LARRY, THE MAN FROM BUNGLE, HIDES IN A GIANT TIN OF PEA SOUP. HE HOPES THAT THE PEA-SOUP BANDITS WILL STEAL IT AND TAKE HIM TO THEIR HIDEOUT. THEY DO...




THERE! THE FIRST STAGE IN MY FABULOUS, WONDERFUL INVENTION—WHICH WILL ENABLE ME TO TAKE OVER THE ENTIRE WORLD!
WHAT IS IT, BOSS?
THAT'S WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW!
SOUP

YES, WITH MY PEA SOUP FOG I WILL ENVELOP THE ENTIRE WORLD SO THAT THERE WILL BE UTTER PANIC, COS NO-ONE WILL BE ABLE TO SEE WHAT DIABOLICAL THINGS WE'RE UP TO!
BUT, BOSS, WE WON'T BE ABLE TO SEE ANYTHING EITHER!



WELL WE'LL SOON SEE WHO OUR STOWAWAY IS!

OO-ER I DON'T WANT TO BE CARVED UP BY A CAN CAN OPENER!

WE'VE GOT H M. BOSS! WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH HIM?

TO THE MINI CELL WITH HIM!

AND SO...

I'VE HEARD OF BED-SITTERS- BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS!

GOOD THING I'VE STILL GOT MY TWO-WAY TRANSISTOR RADIO! I'LL SEND OUT AN S.O.S TO THE CHIEF!

CALLING CHIEF OF BUNGLE! CALLING CHIEF OF BUNGLE!.. CAN YOU HEAR ME? OVER....

I CAN HARDLY HEAR YOU... YOUR VOICE KEEPS FA... DING... PHUT!

GOSH! I NEED NEW BATTERIES! MY RADIO'S CONKED OUT!

COOO! COOO! COOO!

AH! OF COURSE!! I NEARLY FORGOT ALL ABOUT PETE!

GOOD OLD PETE. I'LL SEND MY MESSAGE BY PIGEON POST!

NOW MAKE IT STRAIGHT BACK TO THE CHIEF, PETE! DON'T GO CHASING AFTER BIRDS, DON'T FORGET!

COO! COO!

FLIGHT NUMBER SEVEN DEPART SO! GOOD LUCK!

HALLO! HE'S UP TO HIS PIGEON POST PRANK, IS HE? GRR!

HEH! HEH! I'LL GET THE SILLY PIGEON LOST IN A PEA SOUPER FOG!

COO! WHERE AM I? I DON'T KNOW WHETHER I'M COMIN' OR GOIN'....

NEXT WEEK'S MENU: PEA SOUP AND PIGEON PIE ⇒

ENGLISH SCHOOLS F.A.

OFFICIALLY RECOMMENDED BY THE ENGLISH SCHOOLS FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION

Sensational

POWER-POINTS

Repd. Design

These fantastic new boots make winning football easy! Regd. Trade Mark

Power-Points are here and that means action! They're the *only* football boots in the world with specially numbered target areas . . . so you're in on all the tricks of ball control. The illustrated booklet shown below gives you all the *secrets* of getting the most from your Power-Points boots. Read it, learn how to use the numbered areas, and you'll play like a champion!

There have never been boots like these before. They're precision-made, light, flexible, and long-wearing. A lot of skill and care went into the making of Power-Points - so you can be *sure* they're tough enough to stand the roughest play! But the best thing of all are the numbered target-areas that help you play *winning* football.

Real professional-type, semi-soft toe piece!

Good and firm enough to protect your feet, yet soft enough to allow you to 'feel' the ball on contact.

Replaceable studs!

High-quality . . easy to remove . . . with a free stud key. You can change your studs to suit pitch conditions!

Specially numbered target areas!

This is the big, big news! The fantastic easy way to winning football! Each target area shows you the professional ways of controlling the ball. Each target area teaches you the skills and tricks of top-quality football.

Power-Points come in full sizes to fit all boys: Boy's sizes 11-1 54/11d, 2-5 59/11d. Youth sizes 6-11 69/11d.

For any further information write, enclosing a S.A.E. to. The British Bata Shoe Co. Ltd. (POWER-POINTS Dept.) East Tilbury, Essex

Hurry and get your Power-Points now – and you'll wonder how you ever played without them! But move! Remember, Power-Points are sure to be selling fast, and you don't want to be caught without a pair. So get along to your shoe or sports shop fast – then get out and start playing game-winning football!

Free colour booklet!

With every pair of Power-Points you get an *absolutely free* booklet, written by a Senior F.A. Staff Coach and cram-full of vital information about how to make the most of your Power-Points – as well as invaluable tips that are sure to do wonders for your game!

POWER-POINTS MAKE WINNING FOOTBALL EASY!

GRIMLY FEENDISH

THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD

HELLO, FOLKS! I'M GRIMLY FEENDISH!

AND HE'S HORRIBLE! UGH!!

HEH! HEH! THE EDITOR OF SMASH GETS PAID TODAY! LET'S PINCH HIS LOLLY! HE MUST GET AT LEAST SEVEN AND SIXPENCE A WEEK! SNIGGER!

SATURDAY 2nd

DRAGG!

TWITCH!

OIK! OIK!

ROTTEN OL' GRIMLY! I WAS JUST ABOUT TO STICK MY HEAD BACK ON! BAH!

I'LL NEED THAT, O HEADLESS ONE!

SNATCH!

MEANWHILE IN THE BASEMENT, WELL BELOW THE FLOOR OF 64.

AND IF YOU HAVEN'T THOUGHT UP A GOOD GRIMLY FEENDISH STORY FOR THIS WEEK, BY MORNING - YOU'RE FIRED!

ALF on Holiday

BIG MIKE

GULP! YES, LORD COS, SIR, MASTER!

GROVEL

HEH! HEH! HERE HE COMES! NOW TO THROW MY VOICE!

GOODNIGHT, MR. COS, SIR, BLESS YOU, SIR!

SUN PAPER

HEH! HEH! THIS IS A STICK UP! HAND OVER YOUR LOLLY!

HISS!

HEH! HEH! THAT WAS TOO EASY! WE GOT HIS PAY!

VROOM!

OH, NO!

HEH! HEH! WE'RE RICH! RICH!

STUCK!

POOP POOP PANT PANT

DUNNO WHAT YOU'RE SO HAPPY ABOUT - HE'S STUCK TO YOU!

YOU BIG GOOF! HE'LL FIND OUR SECRET HIDE OUT IF YOU TAKE HIM WITH US!

HOW WAS I TO KNOW HE WAS STUCK ON ME!

PULL! JERK!

ER-BULP! GUESS WHAT? BULP! I'M STUCK TOO!

AND SO.

CLEAN US UP - AH MAKE IT FAST!

AND THOSE TWO COULD DO WITH RETEXTURING! SNIGGER!

CLEAN

CLEANING MACHINE

OH!

CLICK

STICKY

OW!

GRK! THE OLD TWIT! HE DIDN'T HAVE TO USE SO MUCH STARCH!

LAUNDRY

HO! HO! THAT BIG STIFF, GRIMLY IS EVEN STIFFER THAN EVER - THIS WEEK!

HOP!

POOR OL GRIMLY! IT COST ALL MY PAY FOR THAT CLEANING - A WHOLE SEVEN AND SIXPENCE - BUT IT WAS WORTH IT FOR THIS WEEK'S STORY!

SOME MOTHERS HAVE 'EM! I'LL TAKE ME HOURS TO SPONGE THE STARCH OUT OF THIS BIG, FAT TWIT!

IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

WEST CITY, U.S.A., BECOMES A CITY UNDER NIGHTMARE SIEGE WHEN SUDDENLY THE MACHINES COME TO LIFE! RUBBERMAN ESCAPES WITH THE REST OF THE CITIZENS, BUT HE AND AN ENGINEER ARE SINGLED OUT AS SPECIAL TARGETS FOR THE KILLER MACHINES...

THE RUMBLING KILLERS CLOSE IN ON RUBBERMAN AND HIS FRIEND ..

RUBBERMAN! ITS GUN TURRET IS SWINGING OUR WAY!

AND THE OTHER ONE IS A FLAME-THROWER! AND THAT'S SOMETHING NOT EVEN A MAN MADE OF RUBBER CAN STAND UP TO!

A SECOND LATER...

ARE THEY MACHINES COME TO LIFE? LIKE THE...

DON'T LET'S DEBATE THE QUESTION, FRANK! LET'S MOVE!

BOY DID WE CHOOSE THE WRONG WAY TO RUN!

WE CAN'T CLIMB IT! AND THERE'S NO TIME TO RUN AROUND IT! THOSE THINGS ARE ALMOST ON US

RUBBERMAN! HERE THEY COME!

THEN IT'S TIME FOR US TO GO! COME ON, FOR PETE'S SAKE! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR US — START CLIMBING!

HURRY IT UP! IT'S ZEROING IN FOR ANOTHER SHOT AT US!

LUCKY FOR US THAT THE FLAME-THROWER DIDN'T ARRIVE FIRST!

THEY REACH THE CLIFF-TOP JUST IN TIME.

WE DID IT! IT CAN'T HIT US UP HERE

DON'T COUNT YOUR CHICKENS, CHUM! WE'VE STILL A LONG WAY TO GO BEFORE WE'RE OUT OF TROUBLE

AS THEY RACE THROUGH THE WOODS BEYOND...

SEE? THAT FLAME THROWER'S GETTING PRETTY CLOSE!

ANOTHER FEW YARDS AND THAT WOULD HAVE LANDED SQUARE ON US!

LOOK! IT'S SET THE FOREST BEYOND ON FIRE! WE'RE TRAPPED AGAIN!

NO! WE'RE NOT BEATEN YET!

HANG ON TO ME, FRANK! AND KEEP HANGING ON

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO? WHAT CAN YOU DO?

RUBBERMAN'S LEGS CONTRACT, THEN...

THREE...TWO...ONE... TAKE OFF!

I DON'T KNOW WHICH DUMBFOUNDS ME MOST, RUBBERMAN. THE MACHINES THAT CAME TO LIFE — OR YOU!

LOOK! THEY'VE COME ROUND THE HILL! BUT THERE'S A WALL OF FLAME IN FRONT OF THEM, OF THEIR OWN MAKING! MAYBE THAT'LL STOP THEM!

AND THE GROUND IS GOING TO STOP US ANY MOMENT NOW! I'LL WRAP MYSELF AROUND YOU...TO TAKE THE IMPACT!

WHEN THEY HAVE STOPPED BOUNCING...

PHEW! WE'RE OUT OF THE FRYING PAN — BUT INTO THE FIRE!

RUBBERMAN, HEAR THOSE ENGINES! THEY'RE STILL COMING IN — THROUGH THE FLAMES!

THERE'S NO THROWING THEM OFF! THOSE TANKS ARE GOING TO GET US NO MATTER WHAT THE RISK!

EXCEPT THAT MACHINES CAN'T CALCULATE RISK, FRANK! THAT'S WHAT MAKES THEM SO FORMIDABLE!

A MOMENT LATER...

BOOM!

THEY'VE BLOWN UP! THE FLAMES MUST HAVE REACHED THEIR FUEL TANKS!

THAT'S WHAT I MEANT ABOUT THEM NOT BEING ABLE TO CALCULATE RISK! THAT'S THEIR STRENGTH — AND THEIR WEAKNESS!

WELL, WE'RE OUT OF THE HOT SEAT, RUBBERMAN! WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THEM ANY MORE!

DON'T COUNT YOUR LUCK! LOOK OVER HERE!

IT...IT'S SOME MEN! MUST BE THE CREWS OF THOSE TANKS! BUT... BUT!

...BUT HOW COME THEY WEREN'T BLOWN UP WITH THEIR TANKS? AND HOW COME THEY'RE WALKING THROUGH THOSE FLAMES?

THEN COMES THE BLOOD-CHILLING ANSWER...

THEY... THEY'RE...

ROBOTS!

LOOK AT THE STRENGTH OF THEM!

AND SEE HOW FAST THEY MOVE! RUBBERMAN! WILL WE BE ABLE TO ESCAPE FROM THEM?

CRACK

CRASH!

CAN RUBBERMAN STOP THE RELENTLESS MARCH OF THE MERCILESS MECHANICAL MONSTERS? MAKE SURE YOU ARE FIRST TO KNOW NEXT WEEK!

THE NERVS

M'MM! I LOVE THE SOUND OF POP GOING DOWN MY THROAT! IT'S MUSIC IN THE EARS— POP MUSIC!

AND THAT'S WHY WE NERVS HAVE ALWAYS GOT LOTS OF ELECTRICITY!

NERV MIXTURE

IN FATTY'S THROAT DEPARTMENT...

ALL THAT POP TURNS THE TURBINES WHICH GENERATE THE ELECTRICITY!

HUM!

DANGER! TURBINE

WHIRR!

AND IN FATTY'S BRAIN DEPARTMENT...

AND WE NEED ALL THE LIGHT WE CAN TO KEEP FATTY'S BRAIN WORKING!

AND TO READ OUR COMICS! SNIGGER!

MEMORY BANK

BUT, IN FATTY'S TUM DEPARTMENT...

GRR! IT'S ALL RIGHT FOR THOSE TWERPS. BUT IT'S US TUM NERVS WHO HAVE TO MOP UP THE STUFF!

YEAH! THAT FAT FREAK DRINKS FAR TOO MUCH!

HEH! HEH! I'LL TEACH THE TWERP A LESSON— I'LL USE THE STOMACH PUMP TO BLOW HIM UP!

AAGH! MUM! LOOK AT MY TUM— IT'S SWELLING LIKE MAD!

I'M NOT SURPRISED!

I'LL NEVER DRINK ANOTHER DROP! SOB!

AND SO, TWO DAYS LATER...

THE WATERFALL'S DRIED UP— NOT EVEN A PERISHING PUDDLE FOR TWO DAYS!

NO MORE ELECTRICITY NOW THAT THE GENERATOR'S STOPPED! THERE'S NOTHING TO TURN THE TURBINES!

SIGH!

PHUT!

DANGER! TURBINE

AAGH! WHO'S PUT OUT THE LIGHTS?

I CAN'T SEE A THING!

A POWER CUT! ERK!

I BET THOSE TUM TWERPS ARE THE CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE! I EXPECT THEY'VE BEEN UP TO THEIR TRICKS AGAIN!

JUST BECAUSE THEY DON'T NEED ELECTRICITY! THEY'RE ALL GAS— THE GAS-TRIC BOARD SUPPLIES THEM!

PHUT!

AAGH! MY BLINKING TORCH BATTERY'S RUN DOWN NOW!

WHERE AM I? HELP! HELP! I'M LOST!

HALF-AN-HOUR OF BLIND WANDERING LATER...

OOER! I'VE HIT SOME BUTTONS OR SOMETHING!

SPLAT!

MEANWHILE, BACK TO FATTY...

AAGH! MY FACE IS ALL DRIED UP! IT MUST BE THE LACK OF LIQUID!

GASP! GASP! I MUST HAVE SOME POP! GASP!

GLUG! GLUG!

SLOOP! SLOOP!

IN FATTY'S THROAT...

YAHOO! HE'S DRINKING AGAIN! WE'LL SOON HAVE ELECTRICITY AGAIN NOW!

SLOOSH!

AND ELSEWHERE...

YIPEE! THE ELECTRICITY'S ON AGAIN!

COO! I'M IN THE FACE DEPARTMENT— IT MUST'VE BEEN THE WRINKLE BUTTON I HIT!

FACE CONTROL PANEL

I'D BETTER GET RID OF FATTY'S WRINKLES NOW!

FACE CONTROL PANEL

AND SO...

COO! THAT DID THE TRICK! I'LL NEVER STOP DRINKING AGAIN!

IN THE TUM DEPARTMENT...

SLOOSH!

WE CAN'T WIN!

MAY AS WELL DEFLATE HIM AGAIN!

COR! THAT DRINK'S EVEN MADE MY TUM GO DOWN!

AFTER DRINKING MORE OF THE STUFF— I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

Wall's

Enter this thrilling SKY RAY COMPETITION

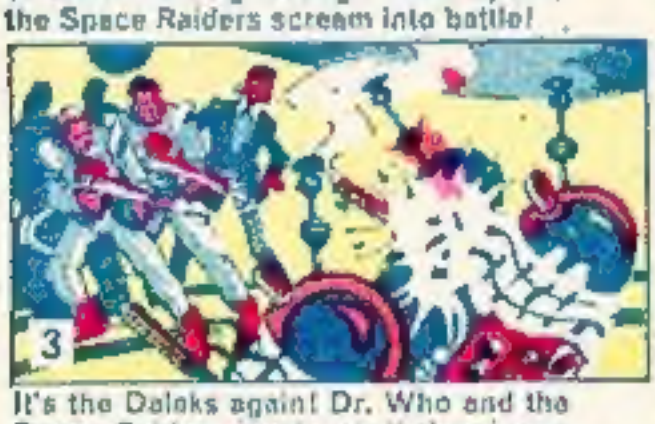
WIN ALL YOU CAN BUY FOR £100

Plus: 100 2nd. Prizes:
MOULTON BIKES!
500 3rd. Prizes:
Sky Ray Space Raider Pens!

Easy! Exciting! Full of fun!

Never has there been such a mighty conflict! Roaring through outer space, the Space Raiders scream into battle!

Dr. Who and the Space Raiders face a violent battle to save a planet from the invading Scaly Monsters!



It's the Daleks again! Dr. Who and the Space Raiders must outwit them once more to save the Space Station!

Braving the deadly rays of the Daleks, Dr. Who and the Space Raiders prepare to defend the Earth from invasion!

All you do:

Study each of the four Doctor Who action pictures on the left. Then, from the list of ten words below, select the four words (one for each picture) that best describe the thrilling battle scenes shown. Enter each word in the space provided on the Entry Form.

ACTION!	**STORM!**
FIRE!	**SHOOT!**
ASSAULT!	**ATTACK!**
FIGHT!	**STRIKE!**
CHARGE!	**DEVASTATE!**

RULES

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2. Judges for this Competition have been appointed by T. Wall & Sons (Ice Cream) Limited. The decision of these judges will be final and binding on all competitors and no correspondence will be entered into. In making their decision the judges will take age into consideration. All entries will remain the property of T. Wall & Sons (Ice Cream) Limited.

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CLOSING DATE FOR ENTRIES: 15th SEPTEMBER, 1967.

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Fill in this Entry Form, cut around the dotted line and send 1 Sky Ray wrapper with the completed Entry Form to:
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Picture 1
WORD:

Picture 2
WORD:

Picture 3
WORD:

Picture 4
WORD:

Now write in not more than twelve words, your idea of the ideal ice lolly.

NAME..... AGE (on 1st August, 1967).....

ADDRESS .....

TOWN..... COUNTY .....

I certify that this entry is the unaided work of the above and that he/she agrees to abide by the rules of the Competition.

SIGNED..... Parent or Guardian

NOTE: To avoid cutting your comic you can get an Entry Form from your Wall's shop. Wall's Dr. Who's Space Adventure Book will be on sale there, too!

BLOCK CAPITALS